



# In the Theatre

By EMORY B. CALVERT

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND OLIVE TELL IN "A KING OF NOBLES" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE.



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## Shakespeare Continues to Occupy Prominent Place in New York Theatricals.

NEW YORK, April 1.—Shakespeare continues to occupy a prominent place in dramatic activities. Sir Herbert Beerliam Tree contributes a most interesting edition of the Bard of Avon to the thousands and thousands of readers of appreciation which the tercentenary has caused to be published.

The great English actor Shakespeare is the "most modern of writers." The poet-dramatist's analysis of human nature is as keen today as it was in the time of Good Queen Bess.

Sir Herbert also describes with great power the blighting effect of the war on English artistic and creative life.

In our land the art of the theater, like all other arts, is under the passing cloud of war. This war, which has brought many social changes, seems ephemeral, some likely to be abiding, has been the cause of an upheaval in the world of the theater.

"It is natural that in this turmoil the art of the stage should for the time being be submerged, as we contemplate the tremendous tragedy of death as we do not need to turn for our emotions to the drama.

"Our senses are stirred every morning as we open the newspaper, where we not only read of the great events which are convulsing mankind, but we actually visualize in the printed pictures the pagan of horrors which beggar the imagination and paralyze the ingenuity of the dramatist. Not Dante's 'Inferno' nor Shakespeare's speech of five could picture the horrors of these actualities.

In London I have with the aid of my colleagues given an annual Shakespeare festival, and in the present year I had intended to provide a celebration whose scope was to embrace the entire cycle of historical plays from 'King John' to 'Henry VIII.'

"For this enterprise preparations were already made when the war broke out, sweeping away in its mighty rush the gentle and humanizing arts of peace.

In this strenuous time this best occupation of the artist who is not shouldering a rifle is to bring to the aid of the wounded bodies and the souls of forgotten soldiers to the hurt minds of the people.

"Here's where the smell of the trenches does not reach our ears. It is hard to realize the state of things which afflicts our people at home. Happiness and optimism are found only in the trenches.

"What a change has come, ver England since the first days of the war. Then we gave to the public a revival of 'Troilus' and 'Cressida'—a play of daring inspired great audacity. The spirit of Drakes was abroad in the land.

"Today a mightier and a bolder spirit than that of the conquering hero animates England, the spirit of willing sacrifice. The glories of past history are but a barren field. Their pride and pomp are melted in the great crucible of chaos.

"At home even Shakespeare's name is in vogue. Let us all do our best to honor him on this side, and our proud achievement should be to honor him with some great tribute from America."

It is said "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written at the special request of Queen Elizabeth because she wished to see poor old Falstaff in love. While not considered one of Shakespeare's masterpieces, it serves as an excellent vehicle for the talents of Viola Allen, Henrietta Crossman and others of James K. Hackett's company at the Criterion theatre.

Mr. Hackett was much disappointed at not being able to play the fat knight himself, a part to which his father was famous. Illness prevented him, and Thomas A. Wise, at short notice, gave a most excellent interpretation.

Much of the coarseness of the play, which a modern audience but not the "Virgin Queen" could bear, has been eliminated and by this and another device the time of playing has been brought down to reasonable length. The play is a bridge connecting the street in front of the Page House on one side of the stage with the space before the house of Dr. Caius on the opposite side.

lapse of time and the changes of customs and language. Enough is left, however, to make this a really amusing farce.

A novelty was injected into the first night of "A King of Nobles" when the bride of the hero came upon the stage at the end of the second act and embraced her husband, to the great delight of all present.

His vehicle was a brave attempt at a costume play, written by J. and L. Hocher, Macbeth, two Buffalo women, and produced by Miss Jessie Bonstelle.

Mr. Telleghen was a mysterious Celtic knight named Godred, who had been for two years a defiant prisoner of Henry VIII at Hampton Court. There, to amuse the cruel monarch, (laterally married to his sixth consort, Catherine Parr) he is dragged from jail and questioned as to his claims to royal blood.

King Hal is in a very fearsome mood, hurling sticks and pillows at his faithful courtiers, cursing at priests and only too eager for a chance of chopping of some one's head. To be sure, the king is right, the lady visits him and the haunting shrieks and laughter of his first five queens. He is more or less bedridden and has to be wheeled to the throne.

Godred, however, will not hear of having his head at the king's bidding. He scorns the lady's offer to marry him and returns to goal. There, in the night, the lady visits him and renews her offer. Again Godred spurns her.

An hour later, as Henry listens to the halting shrieks of the queen, she is in his bedchamber. Lady Margaret appeals to him to have mercy on the proud knight.

Godred drives out his courtiers and makes love in his own fashion, to his fair visitor. The uncanny laughter of the deceased Anne Bullen—or, maybe, of Ann of Cleves—disturbs his courtship.

When Godred, who is credited with being a wise man, is brought in the lady promises him his pardon as long as he will marry her.

## Their Married Life

Laura Reveals To Helen the Secret Of Her Great Unhappiness.

THE telephone awakened Helen out of a sound sleep, and she started up hurriedly only to settle back on her pillow with the knowledge that Mary would answer it. She and Warren had been up very late the night before, and as she had been very tired, she had gone to bed directly after lunch to get some sleep before Laura should arrive.

The telephone rang again, and she wondered irritably why Mary did not answer. Really, she would have to be reproved if she did not do better, and Helen remembered that this was Mary's day out. Again that annoying tinkle, and this time Helen sprang up and went out into the hall. Her brother was not too cordial until she recognized Laura's voice.

"Helen, I don't think I can manage to come over this afternoon, after all. Will you excuse me?"

The quality of Laura's voice banished the last vestige of sleep from Helen's eyes. She sat up, though she was in trouble and needed sleep. Her voice sounded strained and unnatural, and the situation required an unusual amount.

"You simply must come, dear," Helen said sweetly, as though she suspected nothing.

"But I won't be any kind of a companion. I am awfully nervous today. I am all alone, I have let my maid go to get some things, and I shall be awfully disappointed if you don't come."

Laura hesitated and Helen jumped into the breach.

Margaret if he will give him peace. The courtiers shortly after find their sovereign muttering prayers and a changed man, thanks to the magic of the will of Godred. And, after an amazing duel in the royal presence by Godred and a rival, in the course of which the hero jumps over the royal bed and covers all proprieties, the play ends, as we all knew it would.

Miss Olive Tell looked charming and which she had been in the character of Lady Margaret.

An for Mr. Sydney Greenstreet, the King Henry, in some respects he was imitable.

The Washington Square Players proved again they are a dramatic force which should be recognized when they produced four more one-act plays at the Bandbox theatre.

The heroine of "The Age of Reason," a young poet in the suite of a beautiful young woman. Her first love affair has been with a middle-aged millionaire, but she thinks this man has come from her life.

The poet tells her if the other man returns to his wife. This accords with his curious ethical code. The first man does come back and the girl weakly surrenders to him. But the poet himself, proved false to his code and slays his rival.

Edward J. Bullantyne, as the poet, Frank Conroy, as the millionaire and Margaret Mower as the beautiful Petronella were all equal to their parts.

The playlet "Children" told of an old negro woman's love for her children. Lank, the elder son, escapes from prison and hides in her home. The younger son confesses a murder, with the bloodhounds close to her. Lank helps his brother escape and returns. The mother, rather than let him take the blame for the crime, kills him.

The heroine of "The Age of Reason" is a girl of ten or twelve who decides she doesn't want her parents to get a divorce and forestalls them by trying to divorce them first, by calling substitutes to act as her father and mother.

"Pierre Polatin," a French farce translated by Maurice Relonde from a fifteenth century manuscript, describes the complications and jealousies of a village.

Those attending the Florence Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic" atop the New Amsterdam theatre, were charmed with the first appearance of Miss O'Hara, a French dancer. She has the reputation of being the most beautifully formed woman in Europe and showed some new and interesting steps.

Laura would probably wait until four to come. Helen could not help thinking a little regretfully of that extra hour that she might have slept. Really, she and Warren must cut out night hours.

Well, that she thought of it, she actually had been in bed before 12 or 1 in ages. They had spent so many evenings with the careless Bohemian poet who never went to bed until the hours were small. Helen had noticed that Anne's small white face was beginning to look even smaller, that child wasn't used to such hours either.

Well, that was neither here nor there. There was another problem still more important. What was there about Laura Richards' life that was making her unhappy, that was changing her from a contented woman to a bitter type of wife entirely unlike her ordinary disposition?

Helen was asked the little tea warden that was a recent acquisition into the dining room and arranged the cups and saucers and plates on it. She filled the tea ball with her best orange peels, and placed the muffins ready for toasting. There was fresh butter, too. Helen had been thinking of Laura's unsalted butter, and had bought some on purpose. The bell rang, just as she finished. Laura already? Why it was only three thirty, that was strange.

"I came right up," Laura said as Helen swung the door open and pulled her into the hall. "I glad you made me come. Helen," and she turned her head away as her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

Laura was more mystified than ever. She could not understand Laura's attitude. First she was bitter and then she was miserable. There was only one answer to the riddle and Helen dreaded to think of such a thing.

In the living room with the shades drawn and the lamp lighted, over the tea cups and toasted English muffins, Laura raised tragic eyes to Helen suddenly and said:

of such a consequence, but only remotely. Somehow Laura's husband seemed such a different type of man. Of course I am sure it is hard to claudesline any longer, everybody knows. I am surprised that you have not heard."

"That is hardly strange," Helen explained, "considering that I don't know any of your friends."

"Really, Helen, you are more fortunate than you know. I am telling you frankly, a woman never knows when she is well off. I don't think that I was utterly miserable when I was alone and friendless without money here in New York. I know that I must be hundreds of other women just as I was, but if they only knew they would try to be more contented with their lot. I never dreamed then that I could know the depths of misery I have endured for the past few months."

Laura spoke wearily, with a toneless quality that brought tears to Helen's eyes. Why was there so much misery in the world? Above all, why couldn't men be decently faithful to the women they married? Laura was right, she might better have remained single and endured the pangs of loneliness than to have had her married life turn out like this.

Like a flash her mind leaped back to her own skirting of the precipice. She and Warren had come very near the parting of the ways, nearer than she had thought possible. Perhaps things might not be so bad for Laura.

"Can you tell me about it, Laura," Helen said, gently. "You see I can tell better after I know."

"There's very little to tell. She is a woman of means, a flighty little soul, one of the appealing doll-like variety that men often admire so much. Her husband can't seem to do anything with her, and all the men spoil her. We met her at an affair set up at the Armstrongs, and she marked John as an especial favorite that evening."

"Of course, I laughed, and in fact we both did, her preference was so marked and she showed it so childishly in a pretty confident manner that always takes with men. John was flattered of course, and afterward he began to show a preference for her."

"At first I could not believe it, but when they began to appear together in places where I could not help but hear it, I lost my head, and I haven't known what to do. There have been times when I have been frantic. I know that I can't bear it much longer. Helen, something will have to be done."

And Helen, looking frankly in the face, agreed with Laura that things could hardly be worse. (Copyright, 1916, International News Service.)

## News Notes

### Movie Land

By DAISY DEAN.

A MONUMENT to "The Blindness of Virtue"—a life sized figure of the personification of girlhood innocence and ignorance—this is the ambition of Miss Edna Mayo, the Bessie Epton actress and sculptress, who will be recalled, portrayed the leading part of Effie in this moral film. Miss Mayo maintains a studio in her dressing room.


"At first I was in doubt which was the richer subject for a statue," she said. "Mary Ann, who went wrong, or Effie, who was rescued on the edge of the pit."

"For a dismal, melancholy figure, whose face is contorted with the mental agony of shame and accusation, I should choose Mary Ann. As Effie I am timely told by her mother of the great secrets of life, I have decided due to the work that this little army of painstaking searchers accomplished this 'Birth of a Nation' is as accurate historically that it has been universally endorsed by the universities in the great amusement centers of America as a thoroughly reliable work of history. But Griffith, like Dumas, used history as the background of romance, and his historical accuracy is not dull and tedious.

Willard Mack, Gerda Holmes and Clara Whipple will head the cast of a big feature, temporarily entitled, "His One Big Chance." It will be the picture to be directed by John Ince. This is a newspaper story of unique and powerful character.

Louise Bates, lately featured as the "Falastriff Girl," makes her dramatic debut in "The Water Devil," a Thambouner Mutual masterpiece. Miss Bates was prima donna with "The Passing Show" at the Winter Garden, New York.

## Age and Birthplace Of Your Favorite Movie Star



Edna Mayo.

She enjoys the distinction of being the most popular feminine star in the plays opposite Henry B. Walthall, but a face radiating light and pride from the newly revealed face regarding herself and with trembling drawing the blinding veil of 'ignorance' away from her face would be more inspiring than one of Mary Ann's.

**HERSIESS' GOWN IS HUMMERING MIST.**

Beulah Byron plays a princess of a mythical kingdom. A Strange Adventure, which production she is co-star with Jack Pickford, and will wear two gowns which are sure to set feminine hearts a flutter. The first is of silver, net shirred over a foundation of cloth of silver, with a bodice composed entirely of rhinestones and pearls set in an intricate oriental pattern; a cloud of white tulle is draped about the shoulders and Miss Eytan as christened it, "Shimmering Mist." The other is of fine black net embroidered with blue and green sequins, over a foundation of cloth of gold. The ends of 200 peacock feathers are used as a fringe six inches wide about the neck and shoulders. The skirt is a white tulle bunched from the waist line, forming an over drape, which is oddly effective.

**PHYSICAL ANGLISH OR HAZEL DAWN.**

Being thrown out of the house by an irate landlady merely in motion pictures is, according to Hazel Dawn, a thing with which she is well acquainted. In proof of which the star picks up a small white hand into which three of the film landlady's fingers are thrust. Of course it is all an accident and the "landlady" is in reality one of Miss Dawn's most ardent admirers—but that does not replace the small first line trenches which were plowed in the star's hand.